

EDITORIALS

Jumping the Gun

Torrance voters, who have yet to approve a huge park behind the Torrance Civic Center, will be interested to know that new home buyers at a tract just west of the "park" are being told that the park is definitely going in.

Real estate salesmen are telling prospective buyers that the tract is the site of the new municipal park and civic center. Actually, the property is zoned for manufacturing. It is under condemnation for use as a park, but observers believe only a portion, if any, of the property will be used for that purpose.

The land recently was proposed as the site of a muffler factory.

The True Riches

If you're one of those people who feel you've made a sorry record in life, take another look at yourself. You've probably done a lot better than you think.

Perhaps the commonest way of creating a false sense of failure is to compare ourselves with the wrong people, according to James Gordon Gilkey in a recent issue of the Journal of Lifetime Living.

"To estimate accurately your own achievement, you must compare yourself with people of your own age, your own advantages, your own type of work, your own native gifts, and your own actual opportunities," says Mr. Gilkey. "Don't take records and statistics too seriously."

And even if you miss fame and fortune, you can still be happy. You can do so for the simple reason that the major sources of happiness lie open to everyone, even to the people whom the world counts as failures.

The most obvious of these sources of happiness is human companionship and human love, particularly the love of one's home.

How many parents, perplexed by disappointment and continuing poverty, have found life sweet because of their love for each other and their children's love for them? How many other people, with wealth and fame but living in utter loneliness, would exchange their tinsel treasures for the true riches they see in the homes of their neighbors?

Before you count yourself a failure, declares Mr. Gilkey, take stock. Ask yourself if you have not had, after all, some of the most durable satisfactions of life, and some of the deepest joys known to human hearts.

THE FREELANCER by Tom Rische

Vandals, Unlimited

Mom and Pop, they're your babies.

What's with this senseless vandalism that's been going on around here lately.

This week, vandals hit Crenshaw School, ripping it up, smashing windows, and scattering the equipment all over the rooms. Not too long ago, Halldale, 223rd St., and Seaside Schools were hit by similar vandalism, and over a year ago, several of the city's churches were ravaged.

It's kids who do this, but why?

There are plenty of old-timers around who prefer their views on such doings with the remark, "Back when I was a boy things were different." Maybe they were, and maybe they weren't.

Government action can go only so far. If the schools and the recreation leaders tell Junior that it isn't nice to steal and he goes home to hear Mom brag about how he fooled the suckers, what is he supposed to think? If teacher and the coach tell Johnny that he should care about other people, what is he supposed to think when he goes home and sees that his parents don't care enough about him to stay home with him?

Some of the finest and best-behaved citizens in Torrance come from the Japanese-American community, where the old family traditions are still in effect, more or less. The child is taught to behave and to respect his elders and the elders behave in a manner deserving respect. Traditionally in Torrance, children of Japanese descent walk away with the top honors and offices in local schools, far out of proportion to their actual numbers.

Many parents seem to feel that what their children do is no concern of theirs, and that the schools, the city recreation program, the Boy Scouts, Girl Scouts, and miscellaneous other youth organizations are duty-bound to watch over their offspring. Parenthood to them means hiring a babysitter to watch the kids while Mom and Dad are working or playing.

What these parents don't seem to stop to consider is that they are paying for this babysitting through taxes. That's not to say that recreation programs and Scout programs are of no value, but merely that they are too often used as place to dump

Junior while the folks go on a week-end trip.

Back a few years, if Mom and Pop had a big family they stayed home and took care of the kids, but today, in many cases, Junior is left strictly on his own. Mom and Pop figure that Junior can take care of himself and don't have any idea where he is.

Everybody screams about the high tax rate, which happens in part because the schools and the city, and the national government have felt that they had to step in to try to do what some Moms and Dads were making a mess out of.

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Many Americans of European extraction follow the same principles in raising their children, but unfortunately, many do not and we get the "hell-raising" at schools and other places. Mom and Pop, it's up to you.

When Feeding Friends—



YOUR PROBLEMS by Ann Landers

At the Altar . . . Almost

Dear Ann: I was engaged for two years. The invitations were ordered when my fiancée gave me the shocking news. He'd gotten a young girl in trouble and had to marry her. I was heartbroken. My folks sent me away for two months and I almost had a nervous breakdown.

This was 14 months ago. I've made a good adjustment and am dating again. Last week my former fiancée came to my place of employment and begged me to talk to him. He poured out a tearful story of how wretched he's been.

He wants to divorce his wife because she's lazy and ignorant. He said the baby looks just like her and he doesn't care a thing about the child. Now he wants me more than anything in the world and threatens to kill himself on my porch if I don't take him back. My Dad says if he sees him hanging around he'll save him the trouble. I loved him very much once. Now I'm all mixed up. I'd hate to be responsible for a suicide. Help me, please. This is serious.—Jennie.

What this character does with his life is HIS problem—not yours. The great majority of those who threaten suicide do so to intimidate the person on whom they are dependent. This fellow is operating on the same level as a 7-year-old boy who tells his mother if she won't give him a dime he'll run away from home, get pneumonia and die, and she'll be sorry.

Tell him you are not interested in him or his plans. He has made a mess of his own

life—and his unfortunate young wife is no doubt pretty miserable, too. Don't let him saddle you with what could be a plenty sick relationship.

Dear Ann: My husband and I are both under 21. He expects to go into the service any day. Our first child is due in August.

We live with my husband's parents because we're trying to save money. My 15-year-old sister-in-law makes life miserable for us both. She's sassy and has her mother wrapped around her little finger. I know that she sneaks out at night and goes with men twice her age, she drinks, smokes and has a terrible temper. When my husband tries to correct her, she flies into a rage and tells him it's HER house not HIS.

Last night they had a terrible fight. When his mother came home she sided with the girl and wouldn't even listen to our version of the story. We can't afford a place of our own just yet. What can we do?—Mrs. J.M. Jr.

You can move out even if it means renting a broom closet over a bowling alley. Whatever you save financially, it's costing you double, emotionally.

It's not your husband's place to discipline this wild one. You are both considered intruders or the girl would have been put in her place long ago. Pack your bags and vamoose.

Dear Ann: Yesterday our 12-year-old son came home and told us something that

was shocking. In his English class each child had to write a report on a foreign country. One of the youngsters chose Sweden . . . and started with the statement that "Sweden and Norway were once united, and a Swede is really a Norwegian with his brains knocked out."

We are Swedish people, Ann, and think such a remark is insulting. My son said everyone laughed and the teacher didn't say a single word. What do you think about such goings-on in a school room?—Mrs. M.J.H.

This is a pretty lame joke . . . and an old one, too. When I heard it, it was the Norwegian who had his brains knocked out. I don't think the teacher should let a crack against any group get by . . . joke or no joke.

GLAZED BITS by Barney Glazer

No Cold Cures

At this late calendar marking, it has been proved conclusively by the medical profession (and the pillbox patient himself) that there just isn't any cure for the common cold. On the same side of the prescription ledger, we must also face the unvarnished truth about the morning-after hangover—that there just isn't anything one can offer for it.

Unless it's two hats.

In the footlight comedy, "Fallen Angels," Mary McCarthy and Hermione Ginkgold engage in a side-splitting orgy of champagne bubble-bursting. Before you can say anonymous anolics, these two delightful ladies indulge in a priceless bit of giggle gab to wit:

Mary: Have you a cigarette?
Hermione: No, thank you.
Mary: Have a light?
Hermione: Yes, please.

Many years ago, your optimistic pillarist expressed the crystal-ball hope that the continued drive of our relentless medical search and research would ultimately lead us to a total collapse of the virus kingdom. Just to prove that we are headed unerringly towards our goal of having more cures than diseases, the television industry has helped us reach the first plateau.

The crushing avalanche of TV commercials have finally resulted in our now having more deodorants than odors.

The modern telephone has very often caused us to lose perspective. Take the case of the unwary subscriber who unwittingly falls prey to the unexpected in the odds-on handicap of "conversations without benefit of sight."

One such unfortunate is Hermann Wahgensplochund

Behind the Scenes

By REYNOLDS KNIGHT

School and college reunion season is a time for reminiscing. The committee in charge of the 25th reunion of Columbia College's class of 1932 thought some comparisons based on business statistics would make interesting perusal.

Old grads who had paid \$300 for a year's tuition 25 years ago were informed via a "Ten-and-Now" page in the reunion brochure that the fee is now \$900. The deluxe model of America's lowest-priced car sold in 1932 for \$800. The same company's comparable model today has a price tag of \$4,573.

Standard & Poor's provided the reunion committee with some interesting comparisons of prices of leading stocks 25 years ago and now. DuPont sold for \$28.12 a share in May, 1932; today it's around \$194. General Motors went from \$10.25 to \$42.87; General Electric from \$13.50 to \$63.75. And Standard & Poor's own industrial stock price index jumped from \$4.36 to \$49.19 over the 25-year span.

Depression-year 1932 failed to depress the optimism of Columbia's graduates, though. The reunion brochure reminded the class members that a poll taken just before com-

mencement opined the average salary five years after graduation would be \$11,352.18—a goal that eluded many for much longer than five years.

PROFITS AND LOSS—A high percentage of dinnerware breakage is adding to restaurateurs' cost of doing business.

The Melamine Council surveyed 325 restaurant owners, equipment dealers and distributors at the National Restaurant Show in Chicago to gauge the extent of the breakage problem. Over half of those interviewed estimated that between 10 and 20 per cent of their dinnerware inventory has to be replaced every year because of breakage, chipping or cracking. Thirty-four restaurateurs actually placed their breakage at more than 30 per cent—meaning that they replace their complete dinnerware inventory just about every three years.

In every case, those in the high-breakage category were using standard types of institutional china or earthenware dishes, and 65 per cent of them expressed interest in a switch to melamine, a virtually unbreakable material. Lower breakage of melamine was cited by those polled as the

primary reason for a change. Other reasons: lighter weight, quietness, and the extensive range of designs, colors and patterns.

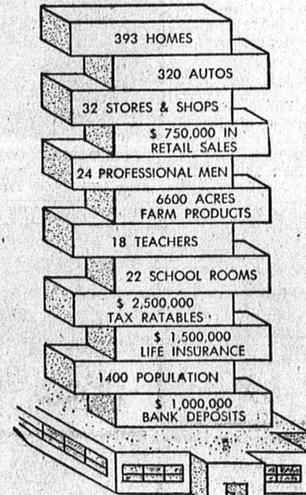
The survey also revealed that 55 per cent of the restaurant owners interviewed now use melamine.

THINGS TO COME—Now you can have your own ski lift, and take it with you in search of your own private ski slope. An Austrian firm has developed an individual lift which when stored occupies a space no larger than a suitcase. . . . For motorists, a new plug-in type flashing light mounts securely on any flat, smooth surface by means of a suction cup and plugs into the dashboard cigarette lighter with a 10-foot cord. . . . On the market is an adapter that permits you to plug your electric shaver into the car's cigarette lighter. A new dacron-and-worsted suit for men weighs less than two pounds.

SILVER LINING—Ballpoint advertising in the prewar years gave some people the impression that the "new" pens were strictly for mermaids or aviators. Even so, the public bought ballpoints in large numbers, and at large prices. But the prewar ballpoints proved hardly more practical than the first ball pens produced in this country by John Loud, "way back in 1888. When they failed to write satisfactorily at ground level under normal conditions, nobody cared whether they could write under water or in high-flying planes.

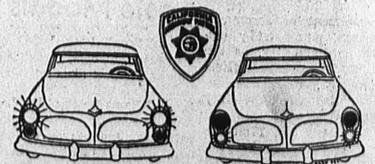
Ballpoints made a comeback in 1949. The new models featured fast starting, dry writing and convenient filling. However, many consumers objected to their smearing, leaking and seeming to run dry before all the ink was used. The Sheaffer Pen Co. claims to meet all those objections with its new sterling-silver-tipped ballpoint, first of its kind.

The pen company is so confident of the new ballpoint that its president, Walter A. Sheaffer II, said it marks the company's "full-scale entry into the ballpoint market." The sterling silver walls of the unit in which the writing ball is mounted eliminate corrosion and prevent leakage around the ball. Ballpoint tips of baser metals tend to corrode under constant passage of ink, causing ink to leak or congeal around the ball. The new ball pen "uses all the ink you pay for." The Iowa pen company says, because such corrosion is prevented by the sterling silver tip.



The need to encourage industrial development in Torrance is emphasized by this chart, released this week by Glenn Koger, chairman of the Industrial Division of the Torrance Chamber of Commerce. Figures for the illustration were obtained from government and U. S. Chamber of Commerce sources. One industry employing 200 persons could support the facilities shown in the chart.

It's the Law!



"HEADLIGHTS NOT PARKING LIGHTS ARE LEGAL DRIVING LIGHTS"



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"If you want your wife to pay attention to what you're saying, tell it to another woman in a low voice."—G. Norman Collie.

"One advantage of old age is that you can take a nap every afternoon without being called lazy."—Dr. Julian Pathman.

"The congenial optimist is a man who starts putting on his shoes when the after-dinner speaker says, 'And now, in conclusion . . .'"—Tennessee Ernie.

"A wife can often surprise her husband on their wedding anniversary simply by mentioning the date."—A. A. Schilling.

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